THE CRIES OF LONDON,

AS

They are daily exhibited in the Streets;

WITH AN

EPIGRAM IN VERSE,

ADAPTED TO EACH.

Embellished with Sixty-two elegant Cuts.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE METROPOLIS IN VERSE.

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PREFACE.

THE greateſt Philoſophers in all Ages, and in every Country, have been more indebted to a nice Obſervation of Men and Things for their ſuperior Knowledge and Experience, than to abſtruſe Speculations, or the vague Dogmas of the Schools. Solomon is juſtly ranked among the wiſeſt and beſt of men; and he points out the Way to obtain Wiſdom, in a Manner much more plain and certain than any other Philoſopher, either before his Time or ſince.

Doth not Wiſdom cry? (ſays he) *and Underſtanding put forth her Voice?*

She ſtandeth in the Top of high Places, by the Way of the Places in the Paths.

She crieth at the Gates of the City, at the Entry of the City, at the coming in at the Doors.

Here it is plainly aſſerted, that real Knowledge is to be obtained in the *public Places*, not in ſleepy Cloiſters; by an accurate Attention to the Minds and Diſpoſitions of Men (the great Springs of all human Actions) and not to the Subtleties of a vain Philoſophy.

The proper Study of Mankind is Man. POPE.

For

For this reaſon I have at preſent collected a variety of Perſonages from the Public Streets, which I flatter myſelf will neither be unuſeful or unentertaining. The People of England diſplay a greater variety of Character than any other Nation upon the Earth: The French, on the other hand, have few peculiarities; their Manners are nearly the ſame, from the Marquis down to the Valet de Chambre; from the Court Lady to her Milliner. In England we find many an Hero, many an honeſt Man, and many a ſhrewd Philoſopher, (making proper allowances for the limits of education) among the loweſt and moſt unnoticed; at the ſame time that

we diſcover even among the Great, many who are utterly ignorant of every Author except Hoyle, many a Coward, and many a Knave. Hence, ſurely, it follows, that the very meaneſt, as they are generally termed, of human ſociety, are far from being unworthy of our attention.

Knives to grind, Razors or Sciſſars to grind?

O THOU, whate'er thy name, in
bleſt abodes,
Who grind'ſt the Knives of Jove
and all the Gods,
Smooth let my Verſes flow as oil, or
rather,
Like thine own Razor-Strap of
greazy leather;
Sharp be their edge, as edge of
ſharpeſt knife,
That in theſe moral pages to the life
I may deſcry, and cloſely trim each
truth,
And be the Whetſtone to the riſing
youth.

Buy a Mat; a Door Mat, or a Bed Mat?

ATTEND this cry, ye London Beaus,
Procure a Mat to clean your ſhoes,
Elſe will ye ev'ry carpet ſpoil,
And cauſe to houſhold maids much toil;
And O! ye Belles, when Winter comes,
Think what a ſaving 'tis in Brooms;
Think what a comfort to your feet
To have a Straw-mat clean and neat.

Ground Ivy, Ground Ivy, come buy my Ground Ivy; come buy my Water Creſſes?

O'ER nerve-relaxing tea no longer waſte
The morning hour; did you know the taſte
Of home-found Ivy, you would ne'er explore
For foreign ſhrubs a diſtant Indian ſhore:
And ye, with dire ſcorbutic Ills o'errun,
All wretched noſtrums and their venders ſhun,
The Creſs will all cutaneous illneſs mock;
Then quit the aid of Flugger and of Rock.

Any Pots, or Pans, or Kettles to mend; any work for the Tinker?

THUS does the Tinker round the
city call,
And vows he'll ſtop your leaky veſ-
ſels all;
But ah! beware, his words may
not be true,
And for one hole perhaps he'll make
you two.

Diddle, diddle, diddle Dumplings, O! hot, hot.

GOOD boys will oft a Dumpling
crave,
When this old woman comes;
And he that's very good, ſhall have
A Dumpling full of Plums.
But O! ye naughty boys, who heed
Nor Daddy, nor yet Mammy,
You'll ne'er on ſuch nice dainties
feed,
With dumplings they'll ne'er
cram ye.

Old Clothes to ſell; any Hats,
Shoes, or Old Clothes?

THIS dirty Son of Iſrael's race,
While wealthy folks are ſleeping,
You up and down the town may trace,
In ev'ry area peeping.

But ah! beware, ye men and maids,
His bargains you'll repent;
Remember well the Varlet trades
At leaſt for Cent per Cent.

Sand O, Sand O, any Sand below, Maids?

IN winter time, when dirty ſhoes
Are apt to daub the floor,
Ne'er let the honeſt Sandman paſs
Unheeded by the door.

For whoſo does aſſiſtance lend
To forward cleanlineſs,
All houſewives ſurely will befriend,
With bounties, more or leſs.

One a Penny, two a Penny,
Hot Croſs Buns.

THEY Hot Croſs Buns are call'd, I ween,
Becauſe a croſs thereon is ſeen.
Remembering us the Jews did ſlay
Our Saviour upon Golgotha;
And that of ſin we are ſet free
By his ſad ſufferings on the tree.
A glorious offering of free will,
To all who do his laws fulfil!

Bellows to mend; Maids,
your Bellows to mend.

TO mend your Bellows Joe will trot
Still up and down the ſtreets;
He loves too well the Porter Pot,
And very little eats.

The while he lives, in idle waſte,
Like many fooliſh fellows,
A Phthiſic coming on apace,
Deſtroys his own life's bellows.

Ready Pick'd Green Gooſe-berries, eight Pence a Gallon.

GREEN Gooſeberries are ever
good,
A nice light cruſt betwixt,
And wholeſome cooling Summer
food,
With milk and ſugar mixt.

But eat them mod'rately, ye fair,
And all ye jolly boys;
Or elſe their acid none will ſpare,
And ſugar ever cloys.

Small Coal, Maids do you want any Small Coal?

QUOTH Oyſter *Nell* to Small-
Coal *Tom*,
Come out of that, you dirty Ho-
ney;
Tom very archly bites his thumb,
Saying, dirty hands will get clean
money.

And I, with all this dirt, dear Nell,
A link am of the chain,
That binds community as well
As he who rolls in gain.

Primroſes; Primroſes, buy my Spring Flowers?

IN April, when Primroſes deck
ev'ry lane,
The firſt and the ſweeteſt of Flora's
gay train,
Riſe early, ye Ladies, to breath the
freſh air,
'Twill mend your complexion tho'
ever ſo fair:
The Primroſe is ſure an apt emblem
of youth,
A modeſt reſemblance of ſweet fe-
male truth,
And tho' gaudier Flowers may boaſt
of a charm,
Yet native ſimplicity ever will warm.

A Pig and Plum Sauce; who buys my Pig and Plum Sauce?

A LONG-TAIL'D Pig, or a
ſhort-tail'd Pig,
Or a Pig without ever a tail;
A Sow Pig, or a Boar Pig,
Or a Pig with a curly tail.

Oh! that each honeſt Tradeſman
ne'er may fail,
To tag his buſineſs with a golden
tail.

Green Haſtings, Haſtings, O! come here's your large Rowley Powlies, no more than Six-pence a Peck.

ROWLEY Powley, jolly Peaſe,
In Summer give your hearts eaſe,
When nicely boil'd and ſerved up,
With melted butter in a cup:
And if you add a bacon ſlice,
'Twill make a ſupper wond'rous nice;
Then come and buy before I go;
Gee up, old Ball, *Green Haſtings, Ho!*

Hare Skins, or Rabbit Skins?

YE maids, who ſave your Rabbit Skin
When off the back ye ſtrip it,
Are always ſure a groat to win,
For making Muff or Tippet.

And if a Hare Skin you lay by
'Twill Eight-pence bring well,
Whene'er you hear the Woman,
Any Hare Skins to ſell?

Buy a Lobſter, a large live Lobſter?

AN honeſt way it is as any,
By Lobſters thus to turn the penny,
Altho' he ſure had courage ample,
Who firſt to eat them ſet th' example;
Such ugly crawling ſpeckled things
The nice imagination ſtings;
And yet, when boil'd, the beaut'ous ſight,
Is ſure to pleaſe, of red and white:
With oil and vinegar's ſharp pickle,
And ſalt and pepper, how they tickle
The ſons of luxury, who think
On nothing, but to eat and drink.

Matches, Maids! my picked pointed Matches!

AT night, ye maids, put out your
fire,
For fear of accidents full dire;
Nor let it e'er reported be
You leave your candles careleſsly.
With flint and ſteel how ſmall the
pain,
E'en in an inſtant light to gain!
And when this woman paſſes by,
A farthing will your wants ſupply.

Buy a Mouſe Trap, or a Trap for your Rats?

WHEN Rats or Mice your
Vict'als maul,
Apply the Trap, ye Houſewives all;
It is a wiley, ſubtle gin,
That will the warieſt take in.
And this advice ſtill let me give,
Void of exceſs be ſure you live,
Elſe will diſeaſe your vitals ſap,
For death lies lurking like a trap.

Come buy my little Tartars, my pretty little Jemmies; no more than a Halfpenny a piece.

A PHYSIC fine as e'er was ſold,
Is offer'd here by Buckhorſe old,
For boys who want a ſmarter;
If any pettiſh froward Miſs
Advices ſpurn that lead to bliſs,
O buy a Jemmy Tartar.

'Twill clear up every ſour look,
Twill make each boy regard his book,
Each Miſs her ſampler mind;
No ſcolding, brawling, noiſy crying,
No flouncing, bouncing, ſobbing, ſighing,
You in the houſe will find.

Jaw-work, Jaw-work, a whole Pot for a Halfpenny, Hazle-nuts.

THE man muſt ne'er refuſe to crack
The ſhell, who would the kernel take;
For who can think that Heav'n, forſooth,
Will drop the victuals in his mouth,
Without e'er induſtry or pain,
He ſtrives a livelihood to gain?
And ev'ry lad who will not tread
Patient, o'er learning's thorny bed,
But proudly errs with bold defiance,
Shall never taſte the ſweets of ſcience.

Crab, Crab, will you Crab?

WHAT ſtrange variety of food,
In this wide world we meet;
The fields, the foreſts, and the flood,
Afford a bounteous treat.

Nature her gen'rous lap unfolds,
To thoſe who earn their living;
Old Ocean not a Crab withholds;
To all a part is given.

Any Flint Glaſs or broken Bottles for a poor Man to-day?

A BOTTLE of good wholeſome liquor
May make the wit of man much quicker;
But while you're merry, pray be wiſe,
For poiſon at the bottom lies.—

This poor but honeſt fellow's caſe
Is to exiſt by broken glaſs;
While many a thoughtleſs man, by ſoaking,
Dies long before his bottle's broken.

Windſor Beans, a groat a Peck broad Windſors.

IF beans and bacon can allure ye,
This man will faithfully aſſure ye,
His beans will better hit your taſte,
Than the moſt ſumptuous rich repaſt;
Beſides the fellow boaſts, d'ye ſee,
His beans are beans of *Liberty*;
Grown near the famous Runny-mead,
Where our old Barons Britain freed,
And forc'd king John his power to barter
On the firm baſe of royal charter,
Then come and buy, O come and buy all,
The Man is ready to ſtand trial;
And if you do not like the flavour,
He'll never court your future favour.

Nice Peaches or Nectarines, rare ripe Plums.

BRITANNIA, ſons of lovely bloom,
Outvie the beauties of the Plum;
Nor can the Peach's hue compare
With the ripe bluſhes of the Fair.
Yet what avail our bloom or beauty,
If, ſtill regardleſs of our duty,
We let the fruitful mind lie fallow?
Better to be as Gipſey ſallow.
Beauty will ſeldom be reſpected,
If uſeful learning is neglected.

A Groat a Pound large Filberts, a Groat a Pound; full weight, a Groat a Pound.

THIS Blowzybella round the
town,
In baſket or in barrow,
Hawks her large Filberts, ripe and
brown,
With kernels ſweet as marrow.

But take good care her weights are
true,
And even pois'd the ſcales,
Or elſe you'll never have your due,
Such roguery prevails.

Which you will for a Half-penny, Golden Rennets.

JUST by St. Andrew's, Holborn-
hill,
Sir, for a Half-penny which you will,
The noiſy Apple-women cry,
To all who buſily paſs by.
Apples in towers pil'd up behold,
With rinds as clear and pure as gold;
But if their goodneſs you'd aſſay,
Pray taſte and try before you pay.

Carrots, Cabbages, fine Savoys; nice curious Savoys.

FROM Chelſea, Hoxton, Batterſey,
Full often while yet dark it's,
What loads of vegetables come
To Covent Garden markets.

With good boil'd beef we carrot eat,
Which cold or hot ne'er cloys;
Cabbage comes up with Summer meat,
With Winter, nice Savoys.

Rabbits, O! a fine Rabbit.

STILL does this fellow round the
Streets,
With Pole and Rabbits on his
Shoulder,
His penny ſpend with all he meets,
Unthinking that he will grow
older.

But ſure old age will come with ſpeed
(Nor let him think with ſpite I
blab it)
When he, alas! muſt keep his bed,
No longer able to cry Rabbit.

Hot Spice Gingerbread, all hot.

IN Winter ev'ning ſhould you
ſtroll
Around the church of good St. Paul,
This honeſt Baker you will find,
A ſmall tin oven ſtuck behind.
His Gingerbread he thus keeps hot,
Which grateful is to ev'ry palate;
And Boys who are by Virtue led,
Shall never want hot Gingerbread.

Hot bak'd Pippins, nice and hot.

FOR nice hot Pippins, as he goes
To School, young Maſter lingers,
For by experience well he knows,
They'll warm his frozen fingers.

And all who can their leſſons read,
(Not blundering, nor ſkipping)
Will often to their joy be fee'd
With a nice roaſted Pippin.

Buy a Chicken, or a fine fat Fowl?

TELL me, O Muſe, how I ſhall ſtick in
A word that aptly rhymes with *Chicken*,
Or in what mode the lines muſt roll
To tag a couplet with *Fat Fowl!*
And now, ſince half my Work's complete,
O NEWBERY, let thy Servant eat!
For gladly now I would be picking,
From old *Parnaſſus* a nice Chicken;
And if of Claret thou haſt none,
Some Water ſend of *Helicon*.

Any Brickduſt below, Maids; Maids, do you want any Brickduſt?

FOR ſcow'ring dirty Pots and
Kettles,
And utenſils of various metals;
To tongs or poker, or ſteel fender,
A ſhining poliſh oft to render;
Your knives and forks to clean and
whet,
And a ſharp edge thereon to ſet,
The Brickduſt-man does here pro-
duce
A powder for the houſewife's uſe,
With which all cleanly ones diſpenſe,
Then take his duſt, and pay your
pence.

Nice Green Cucumbers O!
two for Three Half-pence.

GREEN Cucumbers, however nice,
By all who prudent are and wiſe,
And health prefer to choiceſt dainty,
Will ne'er be eaten in great plenty;
Their properties, ſo deadly cold,
Agree not with the human mould:
Yet fools will readily prefer,
To wholeſome food—a Cucumber.

Buy my ſound Liver; or
Lights for your Cat?

ALL you who keep or Cat or Dog,
Ne'er let them go without their prog;
Yet never let your Dog be fat,
Tho' all day long may ſleep your Cat.
The Dog, by this, your houſe will watch,
The Cat each ſtirring mouſe will catch,
For Animals, like you and I,
Too much may eat, and quickly die;
While induſtry and temperance give
The means in health and peace to live;
The greedy glutton they reſtrain,
And teach the poor a meal to gain.

Buy a Jack-line, or a Cloaths Line?

A Jack-line uſeful is, no doubt,
As Cooks have ever found,
To turn the whirling wheels about
And make the ſpit go round.

Without a Cloaths-line we might go
In filthineſs and dirt,
Nor e'er the pleaſing comfort know
Of wearing a clean ſhirt.

China Oranges; one a Penny, two a Penny, nice China.

AT Oranges each lovely boy
Will caſt a longing eye;
And Oranges each Miſſy coy
Will ne'er refuſe to buy.

But all who learn their leſſons ſtill,
And read without a ſcruple,
Mamma, for one poor Orange, will
Moſt ſurely give a couple.

Sprats O! Sprats O! freſh
live Sprats.

A Num'rous train of little brats
This woman feeds by ſelling
Sprats;
By Sprats (however poor the trade)
With good tight cloathing they're
array'd,
And ſhe herſelf, good honeſt woman,
Still live beholden unto no man;
In mornings cold, ſo will the Fates,
She buys at Billingſgate her Sprats,
And all day long content will go,
Crying from ſtreet to ſtreet *Sprats O!*
And when bright Sol the day ad-
journs,
She to her home again returns.

Walnuts, nice Walnuts; ten a Penny fine cracking Walnuts.

WHEN Autumn comes and Winter ſable,
Walnuts often grace the table,
And after dinner reliſh fine
Immerged in a glaſs of wine;
Or, in the evening ſtill they're found
(When merry tales and jokes go round)
A pretty picking for the Ladies
And hence ſo good the Woman's trade is,
That ſhe, contented, near and far O,
Still ſhoves along her Walnut-Barrow.

Long and ſtrong, long and ſtrong; come buy my Garters and Laces, long and ſtrong!

THIS fellow ever at your nod is
With Laces ſtrong for ſtays and bodice,
And fine red Garters he reveals;
Then who would ever wiſh to go,
As ſome young flattern Miſſes do,
With ſtockings down about their heels:
With many ſlovens ſuch the caſe is;
Then come and buy his long red Laces,
His Garters long, and Laces ſtrong;
Hence decent made, and nice, and tidy,
A Lady may ſit down beſide ye,
And you your betters go among.

Buy a wild Duck, or a wild Fowl?

THIS fellow trucks
His Fowls and Ducks
All for a little *Ready-Rhino*;
Then quick he pops
Into gin ſhops:
This many know as well as I know.

When drunk he'll howl,
A Duck or Fowl?
And think himſelf all wiſe and clever;
To-day he ſucks
By Fowls and Ducks,
To-morrow tipſey gets as ever.

New Mackrel, nice Mackrel.

WHEN freſh and from the ſea quite new,
The Mackrel, with a glowing hue,
Of red and purple, green and gold,
In rays moſt beauteous to behold,
At once attracts th' aſtoniſh'd ſight
And tickles ev'ry appetite.
With judgment if you cook the diſh,
Turbot's, you ſay, the king of fiſh;
But Mackrel, when 'tis nicely dreſt,
You'll grant to be the queen at leaſt;
And I, for turbot, cod, or pick'rel,
Will ne'er give up my fav'rite Mackrel.

A Half-penny a Stick, Duke Cherries; round and ſound, no more than a Half-penny a Stick.

THE children all are blithe and merry,
When Summer brings the crimſon Cherry,
Pomona, then it is, imparts
Her Dukes, her Kentiſh, and her Hearts.
This Woman then, young Boys to trick,
Ties half a dozen on a ſtick;
Theſe, plac'd direct before her eye,
What longing Miſs can e'er paſs by;
What Boy penuriouſly forego
The Cherry-woman's artful ſhow?

Old Chairs to mend; any old Chairs to mend?

A Bunch of ruſhes at his back,
Old Chairs to mend Tom hollows;
While *Dolly* in her huſband's track
From night to morn ſtill follows.

If money in his pocket flows,
Who's happier than poor *Tom?*
Doll with him to the alehouſe goes,
And with him ſtaggers home.

Oyſters O! fine Wainfleet Oyſters.

MONTHS with an *R* in
Good Oyſters appear in:
But when the *R*'s out, we
Suppoſe they are naughty.
In winter, however,
This fellow ſo clever,
Will ſtrive to content ye,
And ſerve you in plenty:—
No Colcheſter Oyſter
Is ſweeter or moiſter:
No Wainfleet or Melton,
Such juice e'er was felt on:
His Oyſters then buy all,
Without more denial.

Fine Strawberries, or Hautboys.

PRIDE of the woods! though not elate
With their own merits, next we wait
On Strawberries, whoſe odour nice
Arabian incenſe far outvies;
Whoſe glowing cheek by far outgoes
The bluſhes of the new-blown roſe;
Whoſe ſtem no prickly thorns invade;
Whoſe modeſt face their foliage ſhade;
To whom the breath of Britiſh maids,
Tho' always ſweet, with envy fades;
And who, with rural peace and love,
Thrive beſt beneath their native grove.
Your praiſe, whene'er the Muſe will bring
Sweet inſpiration, I will ſing.

Buy my Singing, Singing Birds?

IF Linnet, Lark, and Thruſh delight ye,
This fellow daily will invite ye,
Nicely t'inſpect his feather'd ſtore,
And careful look his Bird-cage o'er.
Nor think your money much miſſpent,
Theſe pretty creatures give content
And pleaſure, when the quavering notes
Come trilling from their little throats.
Let none ſo much benev'lence lack
To hurt a feather on their back;
But while thus merrily they live,
Be ſure freſh meat and water give,
For this one truth doth Heav'n inſpire,
The labourer's worthy of his hire.

My old Soul, will you buy a Bowl?

O HAD I but a genius kind,
As that Apollo gives thy mind;
A taſte ſo apt, ſo odd, ſo ſingle,
As thine, for ever on the jingle;
Hence ſhould it be the Muſe's care
To ſing thee and thy wooden ware:
But tell me who can vie with thee
In the ſweet walk of poetry?
Thy mighty power's ſo great at rhyming,
Whate'er we ſay, thou ſure wilt chime in,
While with thy ware, ſtill ſlowly poking
About the ſtreets, thou'rt ever joking.

Any Work for the Cooper?

NO Cooper that patroles the ſtreet
Compares to William Farrell,
A waſhing-tub for mending neat,
Or hooping well a barrel.

Whene'er a veſſel gets a bruiſe
By ſlipping off the ſtopper,
Old Farrell I would have you chuſe,
As ſoon as any Cooper.

For as he liquor always lov'd,
And ever would be taſting,
By this good maxim he is mov'd,
"A ſin depends on waſting."

Buy a Fire-ſtone, Cheeks for your Stoves?

'TIS piteous thinking,
This man, by drinking,
Is always ſeen in dirt and rag;
Tho' a hard taſk it's,
With ſtones and baſkets,
On ſhoulder pois'd all day to lag.

Nay e'en at night,
His fates in ſpite,
To get a meal deny him pelf;
Tho' he aſpires
To mend your fires,
The deuce a fire to warm himſelf.

Buy my Flounders, live Flounders?

HOWEVER ugly be his look,
An honeſt fellow is Tom Brooke,
Who ſells you Plaiſe and Flounder;
Yet if he drinks to ſuch exceſs,
No difficulty 'tis to gueſs,
His *Smack* will quickly *founder*.

Then, Tommy, prithee now attend
The admonitions of a friend,
Tho' 'tis with loth we tell them;
Elſe quickly thou no more wilt tread
The ſtreets with flounders on thy head,
No longer live to ſell them.

Black your Shoes, your Honour; black, Sir; black, Sir?

TO clean the ſhoes
Of London Beaus,
Contented in his ſtation,
In dirty alley
Plies Patrick Kelly,
Whoſe brogue betrays his nation.

Nor wigs nor blacking,
Nor kettle lacking,
Nor tripod for your feet,
The dirt he ſcrubs,
The ſhoes he rubs,
And makes them ſhine like jet.

Buy my Eels, a Groat a Pound
live Eels?

IMMERGED in a tub of ſand
Her Eels this woman carries,
Far as Old Shadwell to the Strand,
And ſeldom ſtops or tarries.

A writer of no ſmall renown
This ſolid truth reveals,
That many folks in this great town
More ſlipp'ry are than Eels.

Buy my Maids, and freſh Soals?

WITH Maids we're furniſh'd by
Joe Pardon,
With Soals and other Fiſh,
Nor let him think his name I'm
hard on,
Or to offend him wiſh.

But if a dreadful preſs-gang ſhould
Aſſail him, I've a notion,
This poor, but honeſt fellow, wou'd
Plow once more the wide Ocean.

Any Milk below, Maids?

THIS Woman hale,
With yoke and pail,
Attends upon her cow;
The milk ſhe brings
Quick into King's-
Street, crying—*Milk below.*

Cuſtard or pudding
Her milk is good in;
And, ladies, would ye try it,
You'd find that this is,
For boys or miſſes,
By far the beſt of diet.

Hot Rice Milk.

FROM Pariſh boys, and Chimney-ſweepers,
This woman turns a penny;
But cleanly children of houſekeepers
Will ſurely ne'er buy any.

With dirty ſpoon, and dirtier cup,
And filth about him plenty,
See how that ſhoe-black flops it up,
To him indeed a dainty!

New Almanacks, new; ſome lies and ſome true; buy a new Almanack?

PLAINLY an Almanack diſplays,
What Time will bring forth ſoon,
Faſts, Feſtivals, Red-letter Days,
And Changes of the Moon;

And int'reſt table, liſt of Kings,
When Terms begin and end,
And of ſome other uſeful things
They information lend.

Potatoes O! two Pound a Penny, five Pound Two-pence.

POTATOES are a dainty treat,
The Connaught men among,
Who little elſe can get to eat
For many a twelvemonth long.

The Cheſhire men devour with glee
Potatoes and ſour milk;
The one goes down like beef, d'ye ſee,
The other ſoft as ſilk.

Any Kitchen Stuff?

YE cleanly maidens ſkim your pot,
And all your dripping ſave,
For while about th' old wife can trot,
You will the worth on't have.

The tallow from your candleſticks,
Of diſhes ſave the ſcrapings,
Theſe, in your fat-pan if you mix,
They will increaſe your half-pence.

A Hot Loaf, a White Conduit Loaf?

WHITE Conduit's ſweet and
pleaſant hill
Attracts the ſtrippling Cit,
Over his loaves and tea to bill,
While Miſs affects the Wit.

But this good woman's wiſe inten-
tion
A living is to get
By ſelling loaves, when (ſad pre-
vention)
The afternoons are wet.

Buy a Roaſting Jack?

THE Cowſlip of a yellow hue
Brings up the rear of this odd
Crew;
By whom you'll find, to Man 'tis
given,
In various ways to get a living;
And ſure by theſe I've plainly ſhown,
What to a very few is known,
One half the world are ignorant
Of what the others have or want.

Lucy Pease

A

DESCRIPTION

OF

LONDON.

HOUSES, churches, mixt together,
Streets unpleasant in all weather,
Prisons, palaces contiguous,
Bridges three o'er Thames irriguous,
Gaudy things enough to tempt ye,
Shewy outsides, insides empty,
Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts,
Coaches, wheelbarrows, and carts;
Hackney coachmen ever drinking;
Hackney writers void of thinking;

Pipers, fidlers, and harpers,
Pickpockets and thieving ſharpers,
Beaus and pimps, and many a harlot,
Gameſters clad in lace and ſcarlet,
Doctors ſage, whoſe chariots keep 'em,
Riches, if one could but heap 'em,
Of poverty a greater ſtore far,
Of politics eternal warfare,
Whole hecatombs of beef or mutton,
And turtle for your city glutton,
Hypocrites with aſpect holy,
Honeſt men with faces jolly,
Tipſey barrow-women tumbling,
Dukes and chimney-ſweepers jumbling,
Lords with milliners debating,
Ladies with their footmen prating,
Chairmen, carmen, kennel-rakers,
Catchpoles, bailiffs, and thief-takers,
Lawyers to juſtice adverſaries,
And pompous wigg'd apothecaries,

Many a jilt and more ſeducers,
Courteous many, more abuſers,
Many an exciſeman ſmuggling,
Stateſmen in the treaſury juggling,
Many a maid and lover billing,
Many a widow not unwilling,
Many a bargain, could you ſtrike it:
This is London—How d'ye like it?

A

SONG

ON THE

CITY of LONDON.

O LONDON is a dainty place,
A great and gallant City:
For all the ſtreets are pav'd with Gold,
And all the folks are witty.

And there's your Lords and Ladies
That ride in Coach and Six;
That nothing drink but Claret Wine,
And talk of politics.

And there's your Beaux, with powder'd cloaths,
Bedaub'd from head to chin;
Their pocket-holes adorn'd with gold,
But not one ſouſe within.

And there the Engliſh Actor goes
With many an hungry belly;
While heaps of gold are forc'd, God wot,
On Signior Farrinelli.

And there's your dames, of dainty frames,
With ſkins as white as milk;
Dreſs'd every day in garments gay,
Of ſatin and of ſilk.

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